For mee, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie,
Kate. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. I marrie sir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be maide a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist,
Pet. They shall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny-*Kate*, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuffe, my field my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweete wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile Buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom (wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunckets at the feast:
Lucentio you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra.

Tra. Shall sweete *Bianca*
Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: c
Enter Grumio
Gru. Fie fie on all tired Ja
waies: was euer man so beate
man so weary? I am sent befo
ming after to warme them: n
hot; my very lippes might f
roofe of my mouth, my hear
a fire to thaw mee, but I wi
selfe: for considering the we
cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis.*
Enter Cu
Curt. Who is that calls so
Gru. A peece of Ice: if th
my shoulder to my heele, wit
my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.
Cur. Is my master and his
Gru. Oh I *Burtis* I, and th
Cur. Is she so hot a shrew
Gru. She was good *Curtis*
winter tames man, woman, a
master, and my new mistris, a
Cur. Away you three inch
Gru. Am I but three inche
long am I at the least. But wi
plaine on thee to our mistris,
nand) thou shalt soone feele, t
in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good *Grum*
Gru. A cold world *Curtis* i
fore fire: doe thy dutie, and h
mistris are allmost frozen to de
Cur. There's fire readie, and
Gru. Why lacke boy, ho bo
Cur. Come, you are so full
Gru. Why therefore fire,
Where's the Cooke, is supper

F